Good Things of "LIFE"

Emma J. Ward.

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THE GOOD THINGS

OF

"'Tis trifles such as these
That make a happy life."

NEW YORK
WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN
1884

Copyright, 1884,
By WHITE, STOKES, AND ALLEN.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Uncle Jack: It is very good lemonade, I am sure; but tell me, Bonnie, why do you sell yours for three cents a glass when Charley gets five for his?

Miss Bonnie: Well, you must n't tell anybody, Uncle Jack, but the puppy fell in mine, and I thought it ought to be cheaper.

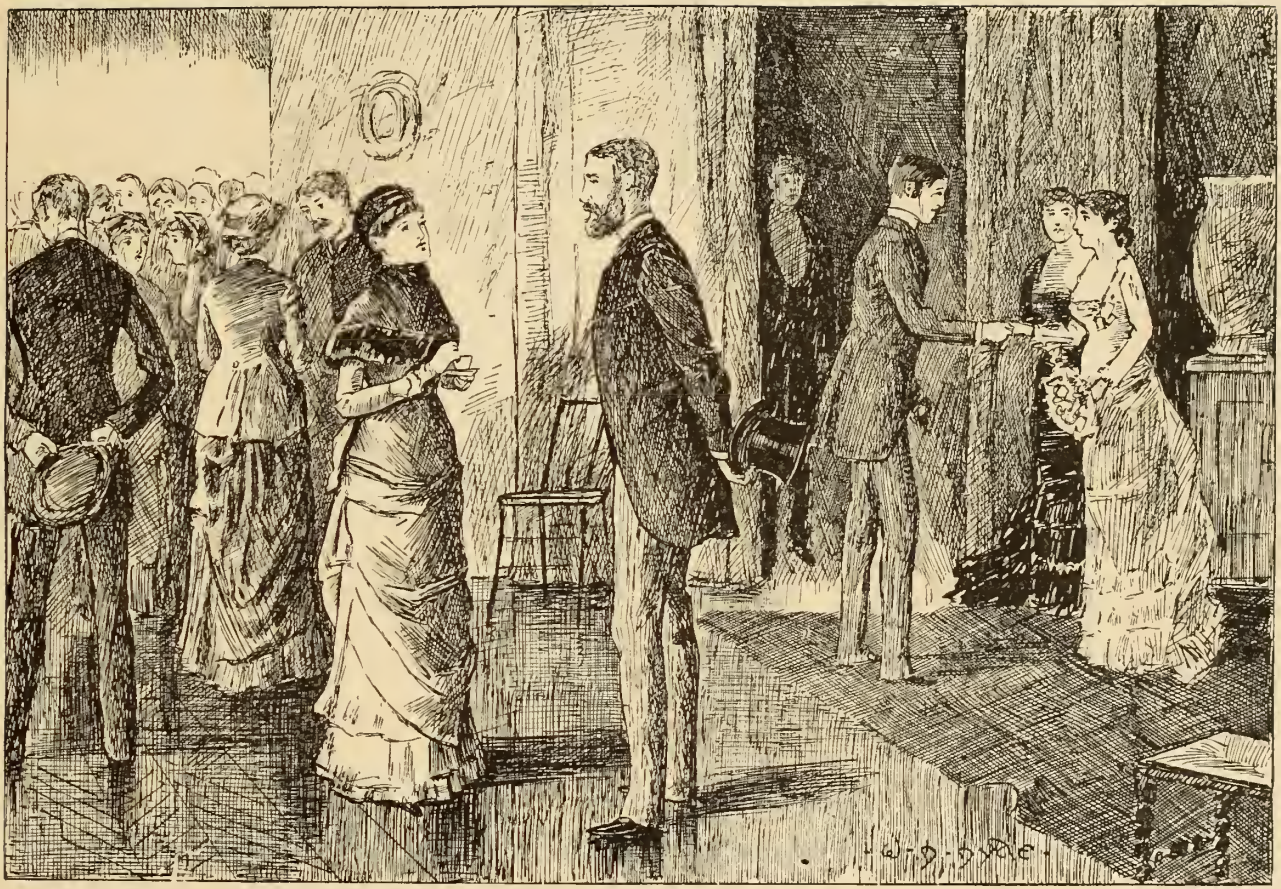
SHOCKING!

Miss Wreckless to Old Scruple, who is looking at a plaque of her painting: NOW, THAT'S MAMMA; SUCH A BOTHER AS SHE WAS; WE HAVE NO OVEN AND HAD TO HAVE HER FIRED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

And Scruple, who is not versed in the technicalities of china painting, goes off in doubt whether it is worse to be unfilial or to talk slang.

NO.

YES.



DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS.

Charles Bonmot (who sets up for a wit): NEVER SEE YOU WITHOUT A CUP OF TEA: WHAT A LIVING PRAISE TO THE ARTICLE YOU ARE—A REGULAR "*tea-deum*," OR AS YOU'RE A WOMAN YOU MUST BE "*tea-dea*."

Miss Florence Bullseye (who thinks him something of a pedant): YES, AND BEING A MAN IT MUST BE THAT YOU ARE "*tea-deus!*"

Philanthropic Passenger to Irish Emigrant, with small bundle: WHERE'S YOUR TRUNK, PAT?

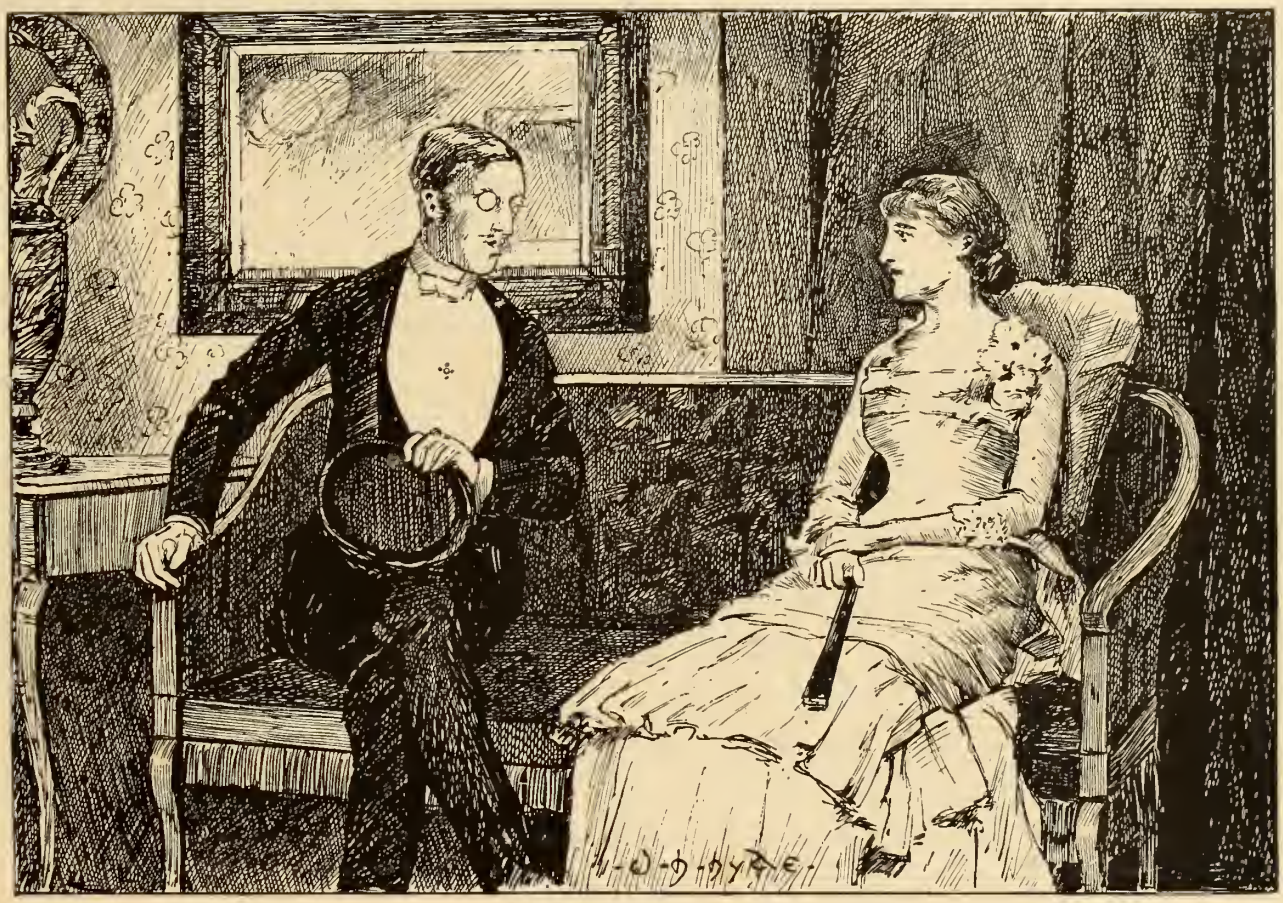
PHWAT 'TD OI DO WID A THRUNK?

PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN IT.

AN' ME GO NAKED?

THAT tough old citizen, Beggs,
Lived on whiskey, tobacco, and eggs,
Nor was he put out,
When, because of the gout,
A doctor chopped off his hind legs.

WANTED—A decorator who understands outside work. Address, L. F. O.



CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

Visiting Briton: Ya-as, Miss Wosalind—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of blawsted cads, y'knaw. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw—inviting to your house.

Rosalind: True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn't dream of inviting you to theirs.

Jones (a wealthy prohibitionist, who is giving a dinner to Parcher on strictly temperance principles): JOHN, IT IS VERY CLOSE IN HERE. CAN'T YOU OPEN SOMETHING?

Parcher (with eagerness): YES! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! OPEN A BOTTLE.

THERE was a young man who said, "There!
I can steal in during this prayer!"
But the shriek of his shoes
So pervaded the pews,
That he sank in his seat in despair.

MERITED RE

1*st Amateur* (*after a Soprano tornado*): THANK GOODNESS!
2*d Amateur*: YOU IDIOT! THAT'S JUST ALL YOU KNOW AB

A FLOATER.

Young Dudekins (who lives in New York),
Sp. g., was much lighter than cork.
He would skip o'er the bay,
Down to Far Rockaway,
And take Angeline for a walk.

"DECEIVERS EVER!"

Mildred (*who is "willin'"*): HARRY, THEY SAY WE'RE ENGAGED!
Harry (*who is thinking it over*): BUT WE KNOW WE'RE NOT, DON'T WE?

WHAT HINDERS.

Does the young man love the girl?

Oh, so much!

Will he tell her so?

Not he.

Why not?

Because he is not prepared to follow it up.

State the case.

Let 4x = his income, of which 3x is given to him, and the rest is earned. It costs him for himself alone 5x, yearly, to live, and he is very careful. His grandmother is dead. If he should marry he would have to live in Hoboken and black his own boots. And he could not buy any more flowers.

What is best for him to do?

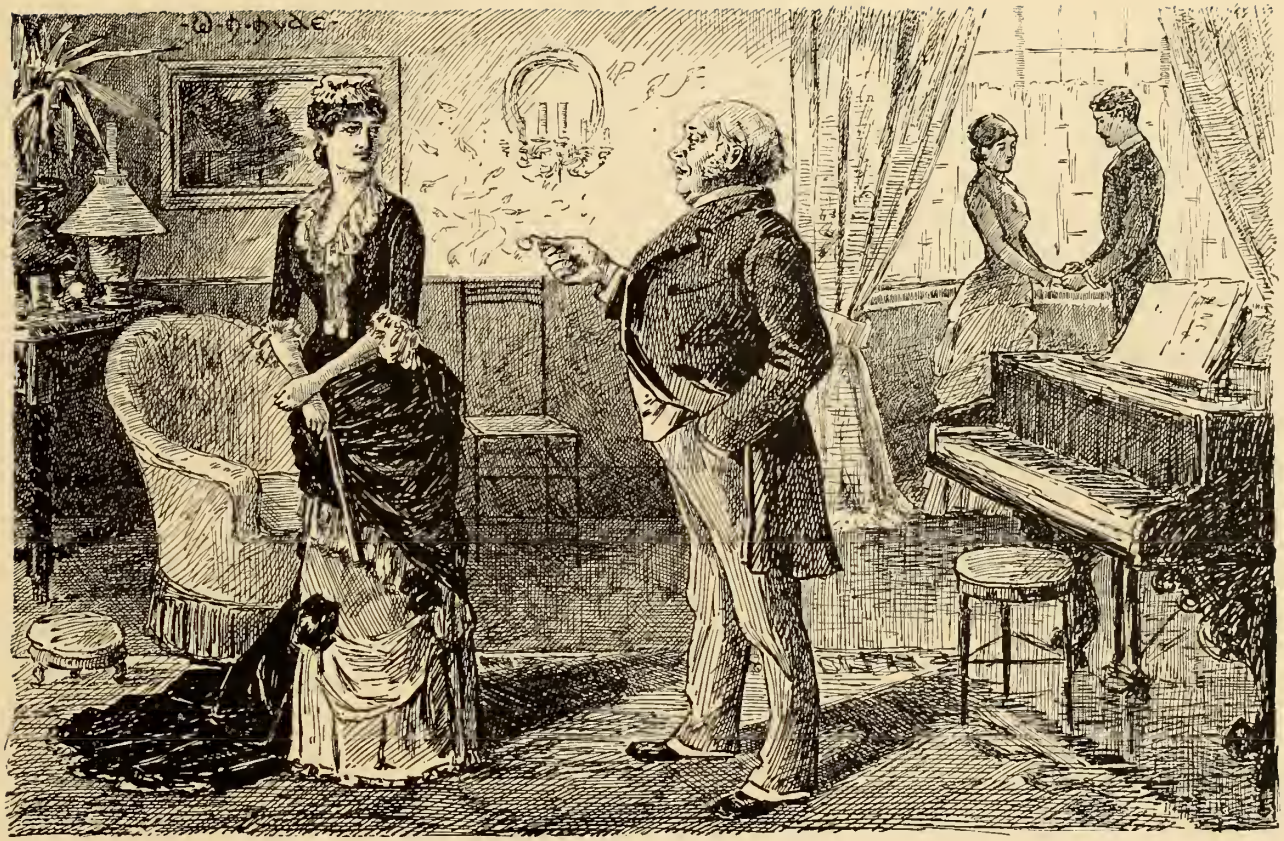
It is best for him to move on.

And does the young girl think so?

No, but she will, presently.

Would it not have been lucky for these young people if they had been born poor?

Every time.



L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

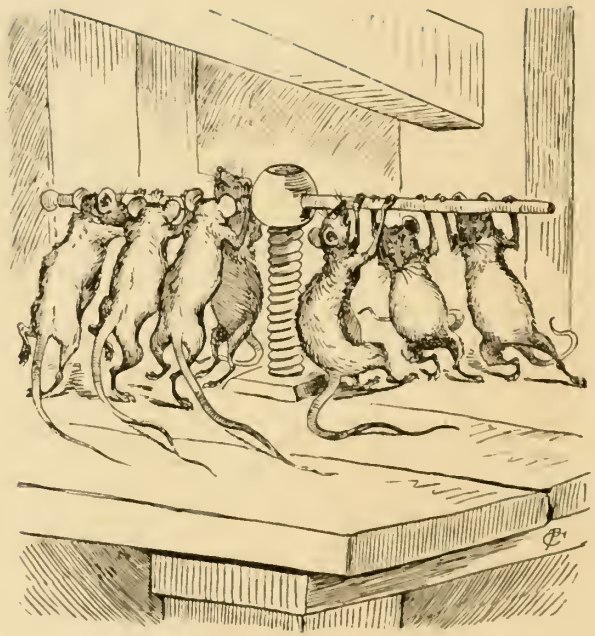
Mrs. Van Kantaloupe: Yes, I——I consent to my daughter's marriage to your son, Mr. Pumpkyns, but of course our family pride——we must look to the future, you know——our family pride——

Mr. Pumpkyns: Unquotable in the market, Madam. My son hasn't any family pride because he hasn't any family, but he *has* got fourteen hundred thousand, *cash*, and me to back him up.

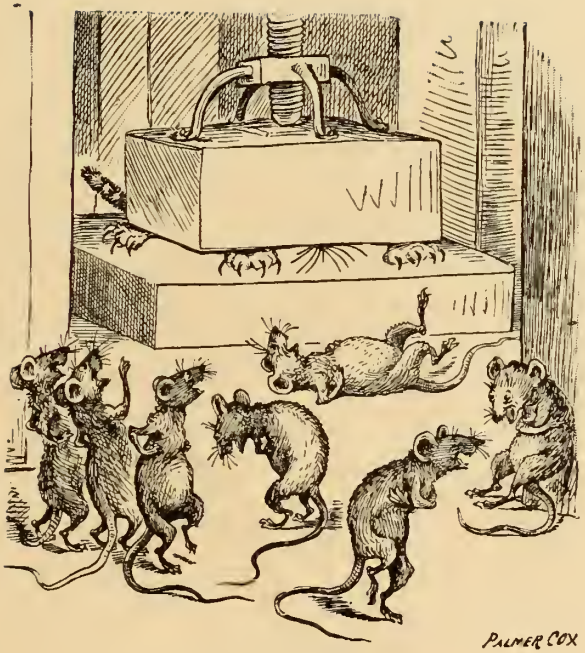
Mrs. Van K.: But the future——posterity, Mr. Pumpkyns——

Mr. P.: Posterity, Madam, it would be safe for us to assume, would rather have the cash than the pride. Give them the cash and they'll get the pride fast enough. Is it a go?_ [*A "go" it was.*]

DESIGN.



EXECUTION.



DIVERSION.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Wife (*who has been sitting up for delinquent*): ARE YOU CRAZY? HAVE YOU BEEN GOING ABOUT THE STREETS WITH YOUR UMBRELLA UP THIS STARLIGHT NIGHT?

Weary Husband: THAT'S JUST IT, DEAR. IT'S THE STARS —PERFECT AVALANCHE OF 'EM—COULDN'T DODGE 'EM, SO PUT——UP M' UMBRELLA. THOUGHT PEOPLE WOULD THINK I WAS INTOXICATED IF I DIDN'T.

Wife: IF YOU DIDN'T WHAT?

"Tired" One: DUN NO.

A BLIGHTED BEING.

Who is this young man?

IT IS HE WHOM THE PRUDENT MAIDEN HAS REJECTED.

Does he feel badly?

HE SUFFERS INEXPRESSIBLE ANGUISH.

What does he take for it?

CIGARETTES.

Do they diminish his pain?

TEMPORARILY; BUT THEY WILL FLOOR HIM IF HE KEEPS ON.

Is it wise for him to smoke them?

OH, NO; BUT HE IS NOT TRYING VERY HARD TO BE WISE. HIS AMBITION IS MORE MODERATE. HE WILL BE SATISFIED IF HE CAN KEEP FROM MAKING A DREADFUL FOOL OF HIMSELF.

What is in the bottle?

RUM.

Does he drink much of it?

NOT MUCH.

Why not? Does he not love it?

YES, HE LOVES RUM DEARLY; BUT HE IS WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IF HE TAKES MUCH OF IT HIS MODERATE AMBITION IS NOT LIKELY TO BE SATISFIED.

Is, then, the young man doing well?

FAIRLY WELL.

And does he think he will feel better after a time?

NO, HE DOES NOT THINK SO NOW.

But will he?

HE WILL.

A PRUDENT MAIDEN.

Ah! Who is this?

IT IS THE MAIDEN WHOSE HAND THE POOR YOUNG MAN HAS ASKED IN MARRIAGE.

What! Did he ask it then, after all?

HE DID.

But did he not know better?

OH, YES; HE KNEW MUCH BETTER.

Why, then, did he do it?

BECAUSE HE COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF.

How was that?

WELL—SHE LOOKED AT HIM.

And did he come to time?

VERY PROMPTLY.

Has she answered the poor young man?

NOT YET.

Is she thinking about him now?

YES; SHE IS SIZING HIM UP.

And will she give him her hand?

PROBABLY NOT.

Because she does not love him?

NO; BUT BECAUSE SHE FEARS HE WOULD NOT BE A GOOD PROVIDER.

Must she marry a Good Provider?

YES; FOR SHE WAS RAISED A PET, AND CANNOT TAKE IN WASHING.

Is it a prudent maiden?

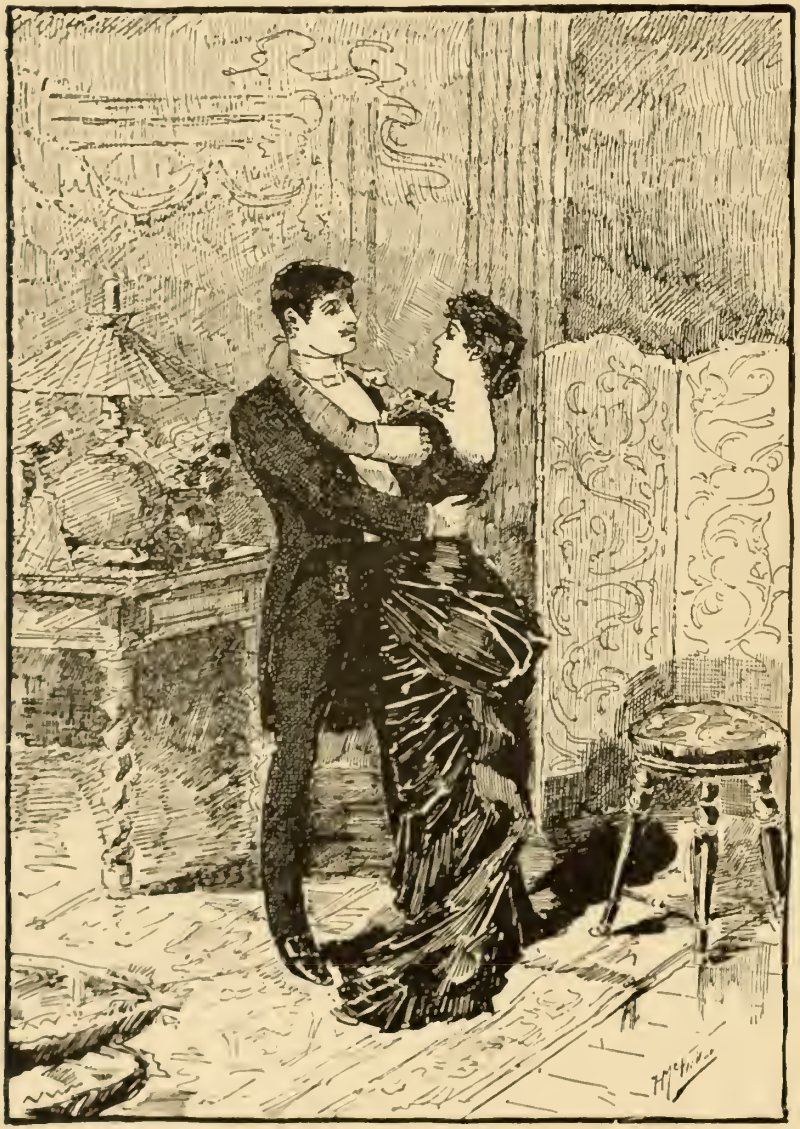
MOST DISCREET.

But why did she look at the young man if she does not want him?

IN ORDER TO TEACH HIM SELF-CONTROL.

Was not that kind in her?

AWFULLY KIND.



AN ADJUSTMENT.

Dear me! Who is that girl?

THAT IS THE PRUDENT MAIDEN THAT WAS.

And is that young fellow the poor young man?

THE VERY SAME.

Ah! They have adjusted their differences, have they not?

WELL, RATHER.

Has some one died?

NO; HE IS AS POOR AS EVER; BUT OF LATE IT HAS BEEN VERY DULL FOR HER; SHE REQUIRES DIVERSION.

So they are engaged?

OH YES, UNQUESTIONABLY.

And does he require diversion too?

NOT SO MUCH; BUT HE HAS A LITTLE PLEASURE IN STORE FOR HIM.

What is that?

HE HAS GOT TO BREAK IT TO THE OLD MAN.

Will that be fun?

YES, IT WILL BE RARE SPORT.

INDUCTIVE REASONING.

Mr. Wm. Doodle: YES, MISS FROST, I ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES AT NIGHT; THEY MAKE ONE'S HANDS SO SOFT.
Miss Frost: AH! AND DO YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR HAT ON?

SERENADE—TO NORA.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

Hannah: And Pat, what are ye doing?

Pat: Whist! be aisy, Hannah. Didn't I promise Father Ryan that I'd niver touch a bottle to me lips again—and I mane to keep me word with his riverence.

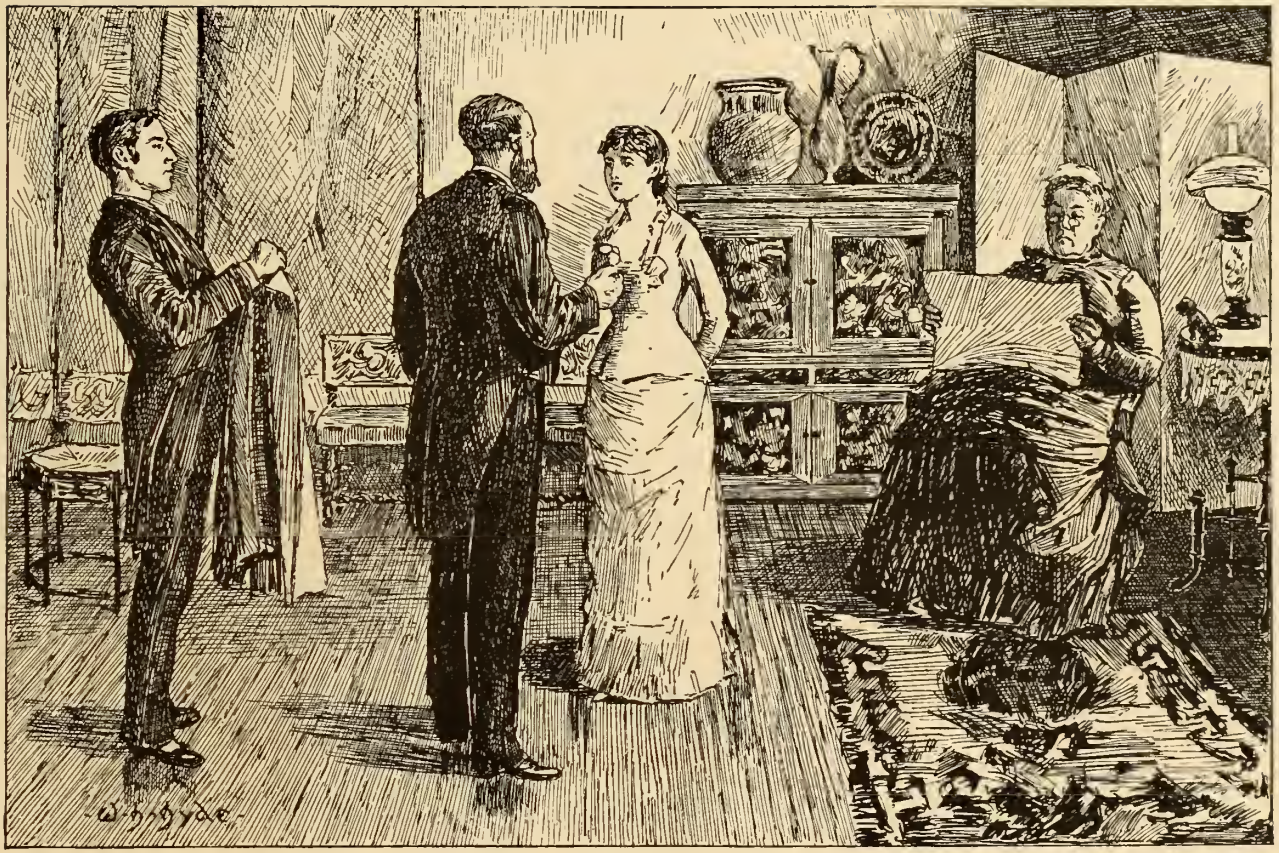
THE HEAT OF ACTION.

Taken from life on account of Miss Rosamond Budd, who, when Lent began, complained that she had been to fifty parties and never yet seen a supper-table.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Mrs. Percey Ballaroine Tubbs: Tom has had awfully bad luck—poor fellow!

Mr. P. B. T.: What rubbish! Bad luck means bad management. A man of sense keeps his wits about him and his eyes open, is prepared for bad luck, and sees it coming. If he hasn't intelligence enough to get out of its way he deserves——*for reasons explained above the argument was discontinued at this point.*



AN IMPORTANT DETAIL.

Guileless Young Woman: O! Uncle, I do wish you would take me with you. I adore those French operettas.
Discriminating Male Relative: It isn't a proper place for you, my girl.
G. Y. W.: But it is all in French, and I should not understand more than half that was said.
D. M. R.: Yes, I know, but which half?

CORNERED.

"WITH A WIND AT YOUR BACK IT IS AS GOOD AS A SLEIGH-RIDE," *remarked Old Snoggins, as he glided over the pavement on a pair of roller skates.*

But it entirely escaped his memory that cross winds always prevail at street corners.

WHAT SHE SAYS:

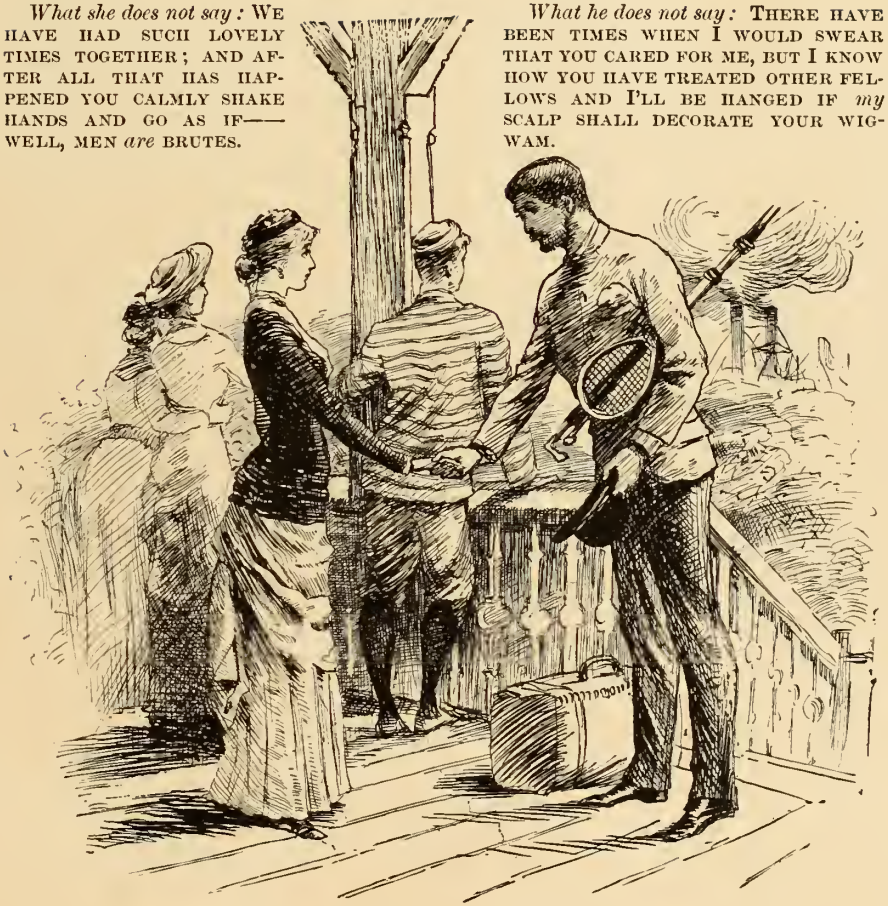
GOOD-BYE.

What she does not say: WE HAVE HAD SUCH LOVELY TIMES TOGETHER; AND AFTER ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED YOU CALMLY SHAKE HANDS AND GO AS IF—— WELL, MEN *are* BRUTES.

WHAT HE SAYS:

GOOD-BYE.

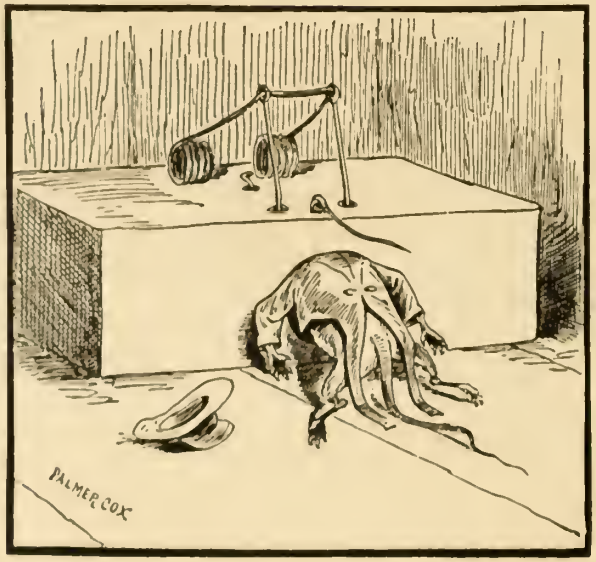
What he does not say: THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN I WOULD SWEAR THAT YOU CARED FOR ME, BUT I KNOW HOW YOU HAVE TREATED OTHER FELLOWS AND I'LL BE HANGED IF *my* SCALP SHALL DECORATE YOUR WIGWAM.



THE END OF THE SUMMER.

THE PROPOSAL.

REJECTED.



FINALE.

FORESIGHT.

Miss Edith (*aged six*): MAMMA, THEY SAY THE GIBBSES HAVE COME INTO A *whole lot* OF MONEY. ELLA STANFORD SAYS THEY ARE REAL COMMON AND VULGAR, BUT I THINK WE HAD BETTER BE *very nice* TO THEM, AS THERE ARE TWO BOYS IN THE FAMILY ABOUT MY AGE, AND WHEN I GROW UP SOMETHING MIGHT COME OF IT, YOU KNOW—

JANUARY FIRST.

"Was ever Woman in this humor wooed?"

EACH TO HIS TRADE.

Heavy Tragedian at railway hotel: PRITHEE, LANDLORD, DWELLS THERE WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THIS HAMLET A MACHINIST ?

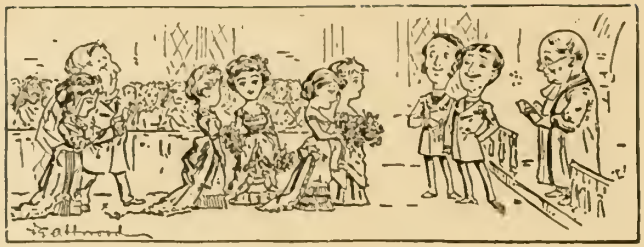
Landlord: A MACHINIST ? YES, SIR.

Trag.: THEN TAKE TO HIM THIS BIRD OF MANY SPRINGS. BID HIM WRENCH ASUNDER THESE IRON LIMBS, AND THEN, FOR OUR REGALEMENT, TO CHISEL SLICES FROM ITS UNYIELDING BOSOM, FOR WE WOULD DINE ANON. AND, PRAY YOU, DO IT QUICKLY. YON PEASE YOU NEED NOT CARRY; FOR THOSE, WITH DEXT'ROUS MANAGEMENT, WE CAN SWALLOW WHOLE. AWAY!

HARD TO PLEASE.

Miss Priscilla: Isn't he picturesque!

Mr. William Dude: Picturesque, yes—but what an ass he must have been to wear such an uncomfortable machine as that about his neck, just for the sake of being in the fashion!



THE ACCEPTED.

THE REJECTED.

Philip Fogy, Jr. (*who has refused, after prolonged discussion, to get gaudy raiment and take his wife to the Derblune's Fancy Ball*), *morosely:* I WISH I HAD MARRIED A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

His recently-acquired spouse (*to whom the said ball is for the moment much more attractive than heaven*) *vindictively:* SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD YOU!!

"Oh we fell out, I know not why."
—TENNYSON.

SEVERE.

Johnnie (who has been taken to call at a typical unaired boarding-house): O, MA! WHERE'S 'E EL'PHANT?

Mamma: HUSH, DEAR, THERE ISN'T ANY ELEPHANT.

Johnnie: O YES, THERE IS—I 'MELL HIM!

ROMANCE.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

FARMER SMITHERS JOINS A TEMPERANCE CLUB AND THROWS OUT HIS BRANDIED CHERRIES.

THE POULTRY GATHER TO THE FEAST.

RESULT.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Chorus of excited boys: THEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK YOU.

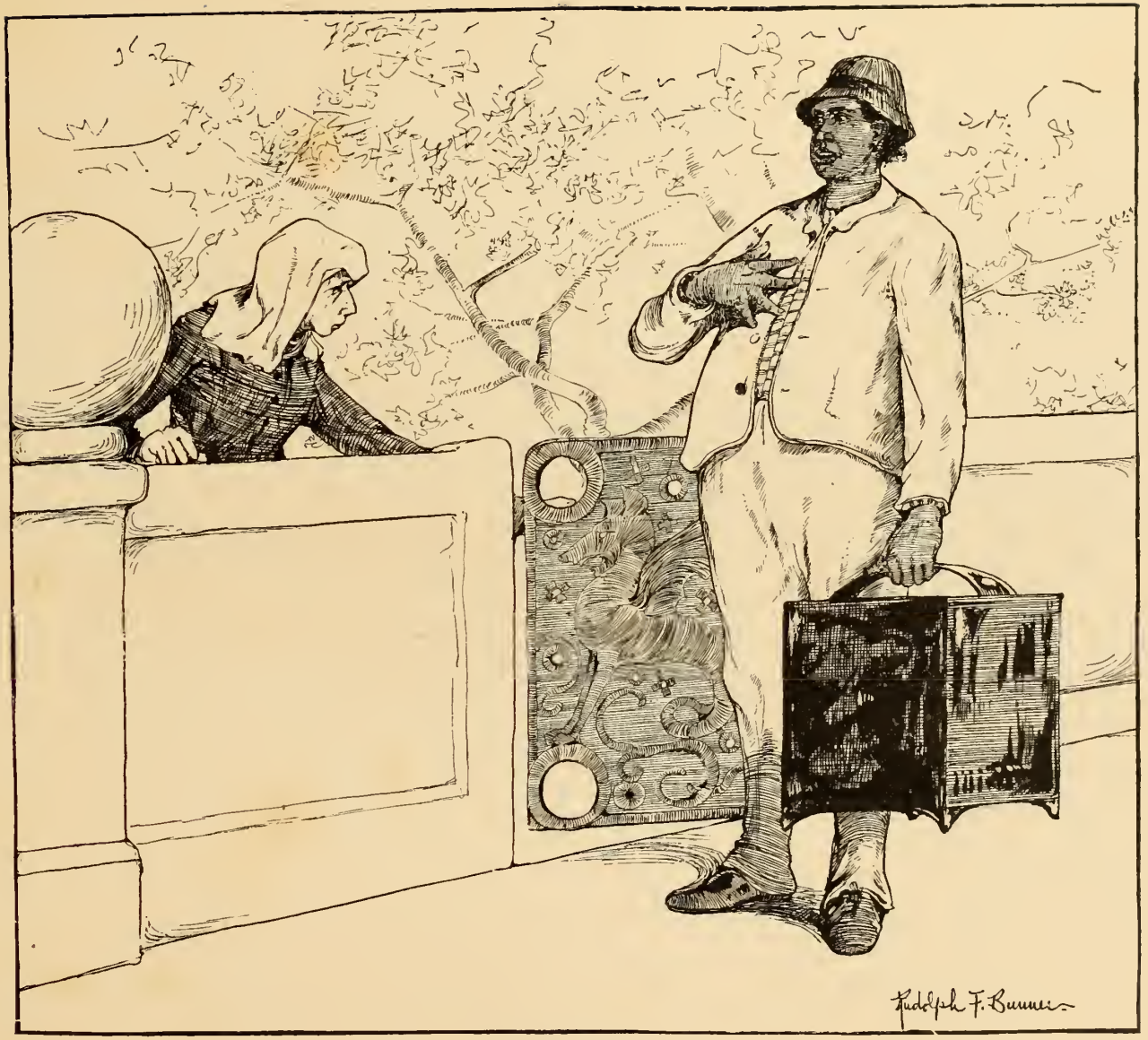
Skipper, indifferently: OH, YES—I WAS LEANIN' AGIN THE MAINMAST WHEN IT STRUCK IT.

Excited boys: DIDN'T IT KILL YOU?

Skipper, more indifferently: WAL, NO; IT ALL RAN DOWN MY BACK.

Excited boys: AND WHAT DID YOU DO THEN?

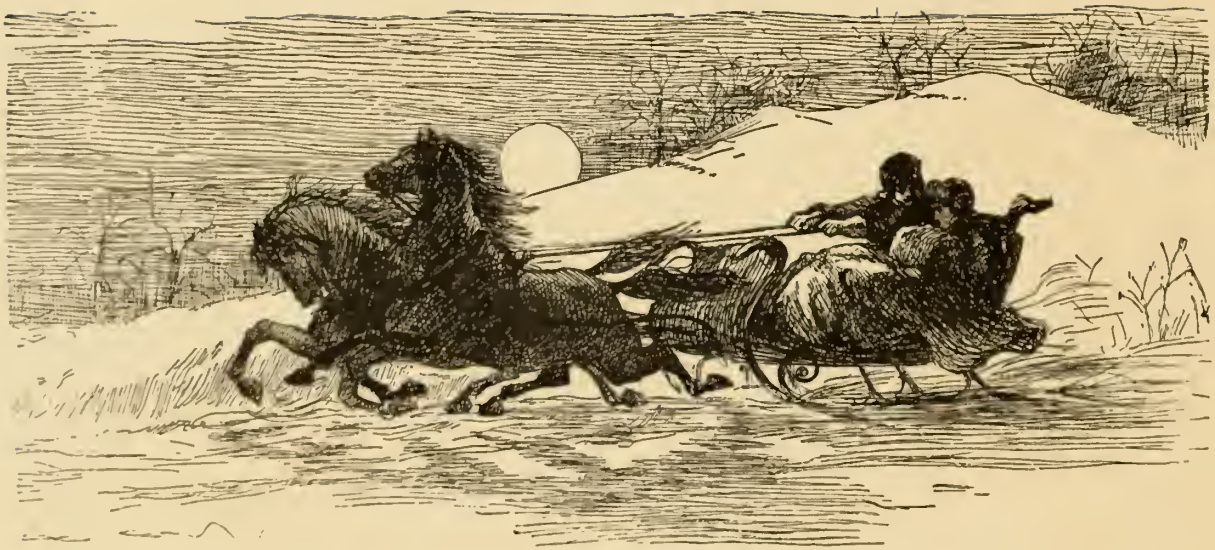
Skipper, most indifferently: I HAD TO HAUL OFF MY BOOTS AND POUR THE LIGHTNING OUT ON THE DECK.



CANNIBALISM.

Servant, to delivery man from catering establishment: BEEN WAITIN' MORE'N AN HOUR FOR YOU—AIN'T YOU MR. WELLS' BREAKFAST?

Stalwart delivery man, indignantly: ME? NAW! I AIN'T NO MR. WELLSES BREAKFAS'—I'M DE LUNCH FO' DE INVALID LADY AT 36!



BROTHERLY LOVE.

See Richard! He is going to drive twelve miles this winter night to get some gum drops for his little brother, who is sick. Ella is with him. Ella is not his sister. Richard is now holding on to the horses with both arms. A little later, when the moon gets below the horizon, one arm will be sufficient for that purpose.

THE DEVIL!

Fair Teacher (*not a philosopher of the new school*): YES, SAMBO; THE DEVIL IS EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS TEMPTING YOU TO DO WRONG.

Sambo: IS HE EVERYWHAR, MISS?

F. T.: YES, SAMBO.

S.: IN DIS YER ROOM?

F. T.: YES.

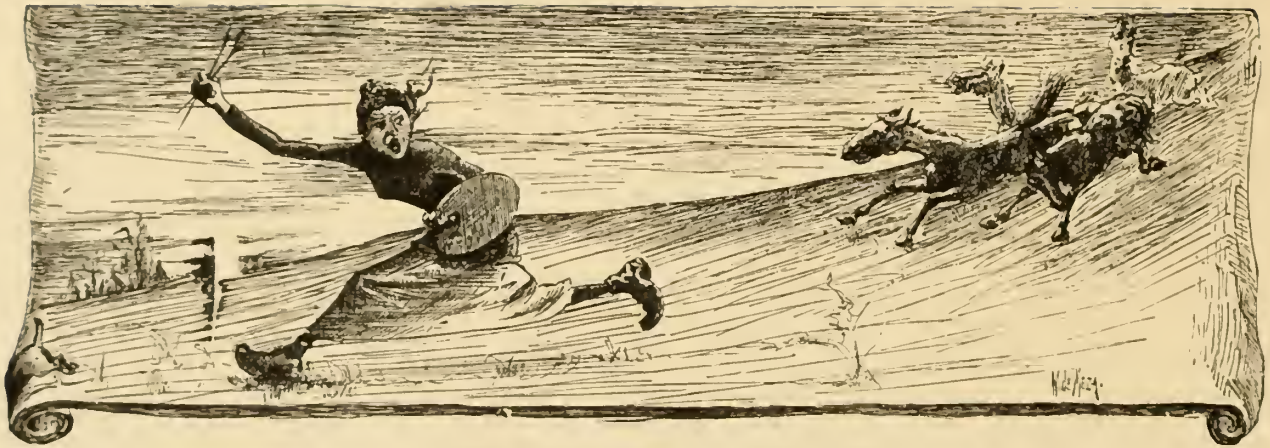
S.: ON DIS YER BENCH?

F. T.: YES.

S.: IN MY POCKET?

F. T.: YES.

S.: WELL, I GUESS I GOT YER DERE, MISS, COS I AIN'T GOT NO POCKET.



HORSES—AFTER ROSA BONHEUR.

THE DESERTED DAMSEL.

A HANDSOME young fellow named Bunny
Was sadly in need of some money;
His heart and his hand
Went in barter for "sand,"
To a lady whose figure was funny.

THE HUNTING SEASON. CHASE OF THE WILD GOOSE. (*Anser Nincompoopus.*)

THE pursuit of the Wild Goose is carried on entirely by means of decoys carefully trained for the purpose, and with which they may be lured from a long distance. If a little care is taken not to alarm them prematurely, their capture, except in the case of very old and wily birds, is easy. Although the winter is the true season for hunting them, yet, being totally unprotected by the game-laws, the finest specimens are sometimes taken in the summer months, when they often appear listless and off their guard. In the warm afternoons of July and August they may be seen basking in sheltered nooks of the coast from Cape May to Mt. Desert, and are frequently slaughtered in great numbers, seemingly unconscious of their danger.

BACK FROM NEWPORT.

Bridget (*unpacking a statuette of the Venus of Milo*): HOWLY VIRGIN! BUT IT'S BOTH ARRUMS I'VE BROKE ARUFF THE CRAYTHUR, AND DIVIL A THRACE AV THIM ANYWHERE!

A COLD CUT.

MISS LAURA ALICIA F. JONES
Always spoke in the freezingest tones.
The warmest spots south—
When she opened her mouth—
Froze up like the frigidest zones.

Then away she would skate on the Nile
In her bon-ton Fifth-Avenue style,
And even Lord Brown,
When he slipped and fell down,
She cut with a cynical smile.

ALL THE MODERN ADVAN

(*Miss Edith has just favored the company with a brilliant performance on the*

Miss Edith's Ma (*to her neighbor*): I DO SO ADMIRE THE VIOLIN. *Your*

Mrs. De Porque: WALL, NO; ALICIA CAN'T PLAY THE *violin*, BUT SH

KNOW SHE WAS TWO WHOLE MONTHS AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.

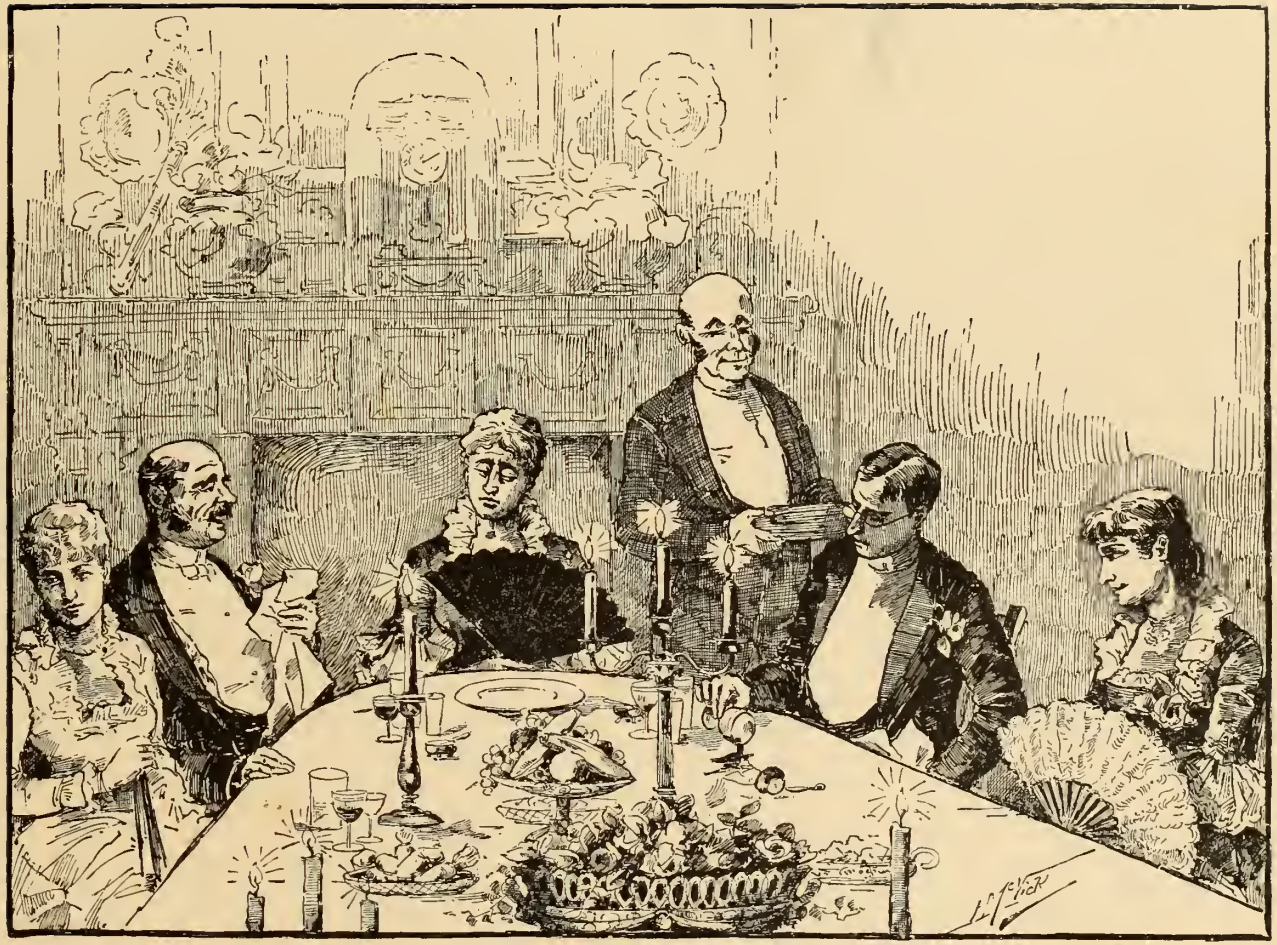
STRESS OF WEATHER.

[August.]

DEAR LADY, PLEASE HELP AN UNFORTUNATE MAN. I AIN'T HAD NO WORK AT MY TRADE SINCE LAST WINTER.

POOR MAN! WHAT IS YOUR TRADE?

SHOVELLIN' SNOW, MUM.



IT IS A POOR RULE, ETC.

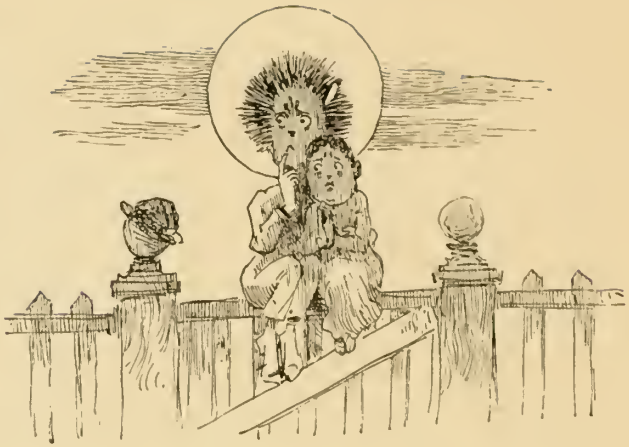
[*Horror of* Mrs. Clendenning de Peyster *at her absent-minded guest, who, having spilled salt on the table-cloth, pours on claret to take out the stain.*]

Elderly and obnoxious suitor, who was the first to arrive and evidently means to be the last to go: I HAVE FORGOTTEN MOST OF MY MATHEMATICS, BUT AT YOUR AGE, SIR, I WAS DEVOTED TO THEM.

Impatient young lover: AH! THEN YOU PROBABLY ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE "RULE OF THREE."

E. S.: THE RULE OF THREE?

I. Y. L.: YES, THAT TWO IS COMPANY AND THREE IS—— ONE MORE.

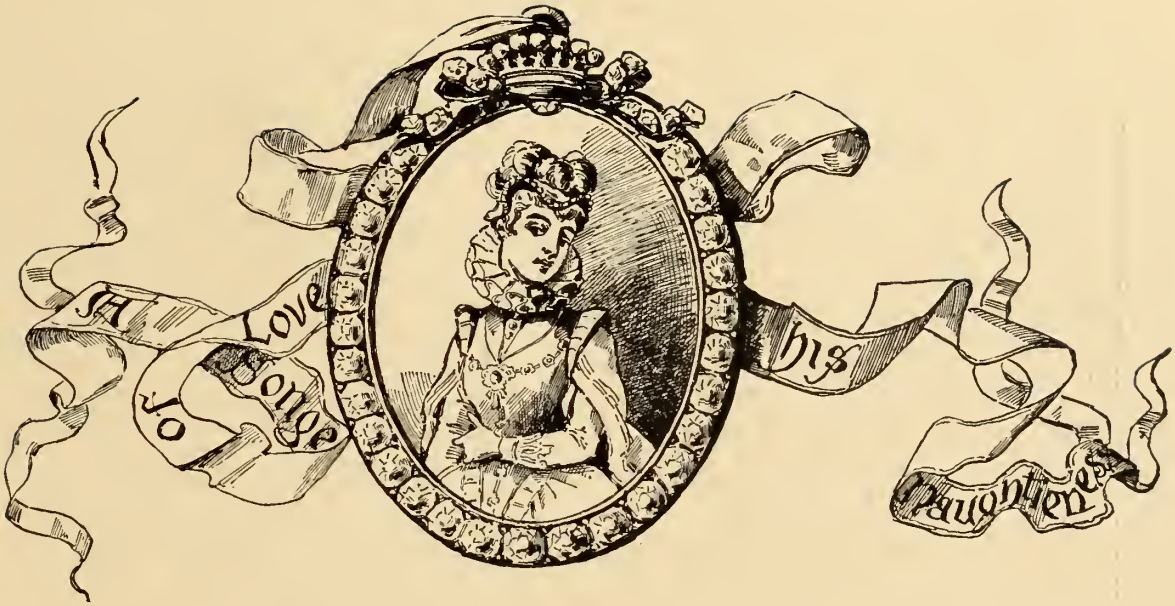


Arabella: HIST! THE NIGHT WANETH APACE, ALGERNON, DEAR. DOST NOT HEAR THE OLD MAN?

Algernon: I DOST.

[*Both dust.*]

SPECULATORS.



BETTY (ye Poutinge Cynick), cryes,
With Mockinge inne Her Pansie Eyes,
Yt Love ys gott soe Vayne
He ys Moste fayne
Toe Shayke alwaie His Winges theyre Golde
Soe Menne ye Shyninge maie Beholde.

Atte ys, ye Myschiefe Love dothe Smarte
& straight inne Mystresse Betty's Hearte
(A Spott more toe His Mynde
He colde nott Fynde),
He Foldes ye Twinklinge of His Winges
& theyre He sittes, & Laughes, & Singes.

M. E. W.

THE HONEYMOON.

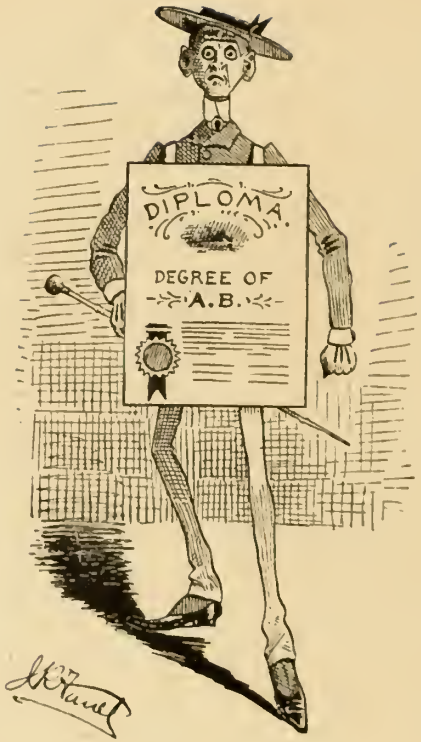
What! Ten days in that nasty little hole, Harry? Never! There!

HER FIRST KISS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN MOKEVILLE.

Brer Abe: DAR'S GETTIN' TO BE TOO MUCH 'RISTOCRATIC AIRS 'MONG DE GALS OB DIS YER TOWN. DAT'S 'BOUT DE FOUF BASKET WE'SE FOUND HANGIN' ON DE DO'.

A VICTIM of co-education,
Whose pose was his sole occupation,
Was shocked at the brass
Of a girl in his class,
And nearly expired with vexation.



Hist! It Comes!!

DE 'SPRISE-PARTY 'SPRISED.

Brer Hopeful: Fo sho, folks, less'n dat orn'ry dog'll choke on dat chicken, er shet up his 'monstrance 'gin Brudder Watson, dar'll be no 'sprise pahty at *dat* house ternight.

MR. ISAACS, OXGUSE ME, BUT HOW TID YOU GET OF DOSE VINE GLODINGS?

VROM DER RAILTROAT, MR. KUPPENHEIMER.

DER RAILTROAT!

YAS, MR. KUPPENHEIMER, MY LEETLE PENCHAMIN, HE VAS GILT IN DER GONEY ISLAND GRUSH DOO MONTS AGO; AND SO I SENTS MY MODDER-IN-LAW TOWN PY DER LONG ISLAND DRAIN EFFERY DAY, UNT LAST VEEK SHE VAS SMASH UP IN DER GOLLISION. DER BOLICY BAYS, MR. KUPPENHEIMER. I HAVE A LARCH VAMILY.

A GENIAL old Chief of Police,
For a joke, once arrested his niece,
For patching his pants
With a quilt of her aunt's,
Which, he said, made them BREECHES OF PIECE.

THE MAYFLOWER

AS SHE MUST HAVE APPEARED ON HER PASSAGE TO THIS COUNTRY, WITH A PORTION OF THE HEIRLOOMS WHICH ARE "REALLY AUTHENTIC, YOU KNOW."

Village Preacher: HAIN'T I DONE GONE TOLE YO', EPH, DAT IT'S WICKED TO COTCH FISS ON DE LOD'S DAY?

Ephraim (who hasn't had a bite all day): WHO'S COTCHIN' FISS? YO' CAWN'T 'CUSE ME.

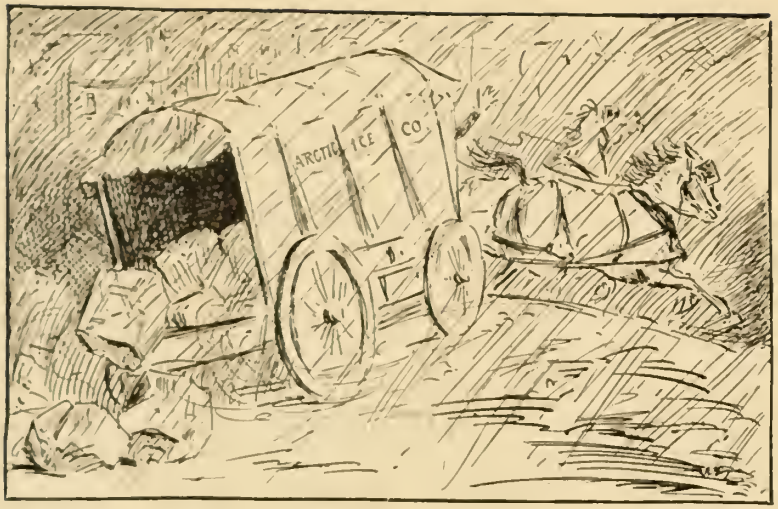
JAMES ALBERT ADONIS VAN SLIM
Loved Sappho Jerusha McKim;
He rushed to repeat
At his fair idol's feet
The thoughts she inspired in him.

But he told his affection so ill,
That she thought he had come with a bill.
He took her by surprise,
She took him 'twixt the eyes—
He'll return when the days are less chill.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

He (tenderly): And you were thinking of me?
She (more tenderly): Yes.
He (most tenderly): And why did not your eyes follow your thought?
She (dreamily): They did.
He (rapturously): How? where?
She (sighing): That long, low, lazy, quite too splendid swell.

[*He tumbles, so to speak.*]



[Dispatch from Western city.]

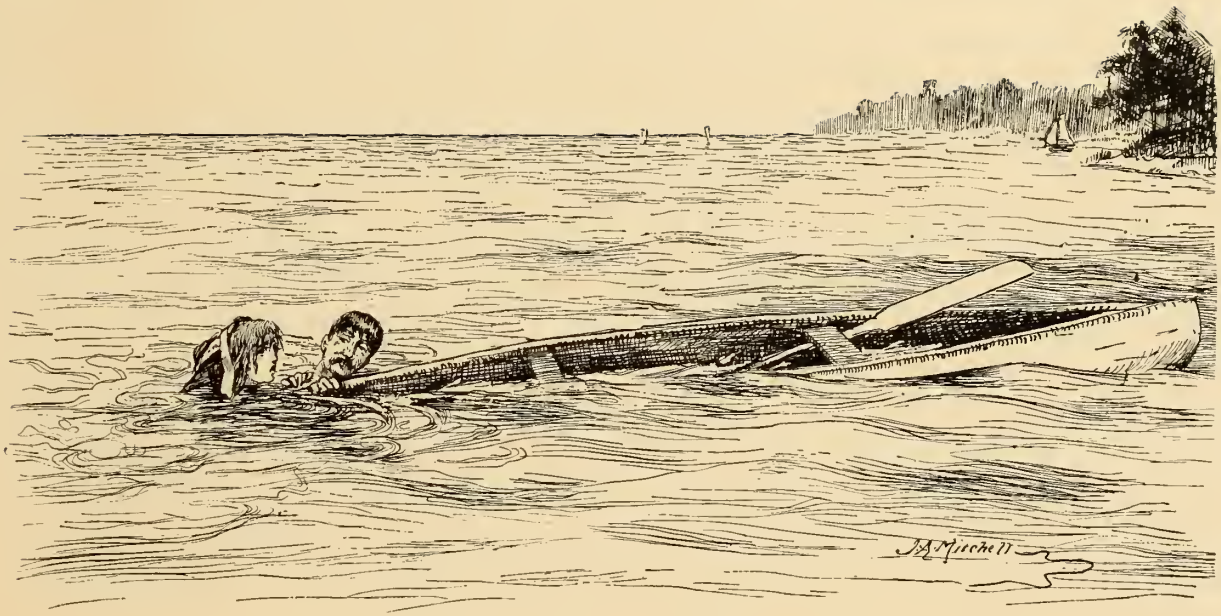
A FEARFUL hail-storm visited this place to-day, doing great damage.

BOUQUET DE CORSAGE.

WHY, DIDN'T HE SEE YOU, CLARA? WELL, LEAVE HALF THE ROSE-BUSH AT HOME TO-MORROW AND GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.

When the storm was over, some citizens of undoubted integrity measured several of the hail stones and found them three feet in circumference.

SAID he, "If my relatives shirk us,
We've nowhere to go but the 'work'us.'"
But, plucking up heart,
He eloped in a cart,
With the long-haired young girl from the circus.



THE INS AND OUTS OF CANOEING.

Heiress, as they swim toward the shore: OH, DEAR! TO THINK OF MY——BEAUTIFUL BANJO BEING LOST! I COULD AL—MOST CRY.

Mr. Archibald Turner: YES, BUT WE'VE GOT THE CANOE, AND THAT'S WORTH A GOOD DEAL MORE JUST AT PRESENT. THERE'S ANOTH—ER GREAT ADVANTAGE THE CANOE HAS OVER THE BANJO, THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT IT THE—THE MORE YOU CAN GET OUT OF IT.

THE AFFAIR OF HONOR.

AH! DO THEY?

MANY BIRDS OF MANY KINDS.

Miss Darlington: YES, HE PLAYS TENNIS WELL BECAUSE HE PLAYS IT ALL DAY AS A DISTRACTION. HE IS VERY UNHAPPY, POOR FELLOW! HE WAS ENGAGED AND FOUND HIS INCOME GROWING LESS EVERY DAY, SO HE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT.

Mr. Horace Templeton Snider: WHY, THAT'S THE REASON I MARRIED!

STREET SCENE IN WASHINGTON.

THE GREAT CHIEFS, BLOOMING-THUNDER, DIDN'T-KNOW-IT-WAS-LOADED, MAN-WITH-THE-BEE-IN-HIS-BONNET, BUSTED-FLUSH, AND SON-OF-A-GUN, FIND AT LAST, IN THE CAPITAL, SOMETHING WHICH REMINDS THEM OF HOME.